

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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GOD'S GLORY IN THE FACE OF JESUS

The glory of God is a phrase with deep roots in Jewish literature. Of frequent occurrence it goes back to remote and primitive days. At first the glory was specially associated with storm phenomena. Hebrew poetry saw in the storm "a massive manifestation of God." When lightnings played and thunders rolled, men exclaimed in awe: "God!" Psalm XXIX, for instance, verses 3-9, has a sublime description of a storm:

*The voice of the Lord is upon the waters,
The God of glory thundereth.*

*The voice of the Lord breaketh the
cedars,
Yea, the Lord breaketh in pieces the
cedars of Lebanon.*

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness.

And over all resounds the chorus Glory,
In his temple everything saith Glory.

The voice of the storm is to the Psalmist the voice of God—stupendous evidence of the might of His power, with all the accompaniments of grandeur and terror.

Storm, however, was not the only manifestation of the Divine glory. "The heavens," we read in another psalm, "declare the glory of God." Not only the lightning but the light, the light of sun and moon and stars, was an aspect of the glory. "The whole earth" also "is full of his glory," says Isaiah in the hour of his illumination.

"My child, it is God," said Francois Millet's father, pointing to the glory of

the sunset, as they walked over the fields at sundown. That was in the spirit of the Hebrew Scriptures and made an unfading impression on the artist to be.

Human life as well as Nature came to be regarded as a revelation of the Divine glory. "More manifest than in the storm the glory is made visible in the life of man." "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker. But he that hath mercy on the needy honoreth Him."

Yet man was not supposed to be able to look directly upon God's glory and live.

The Book of Exodus contains a prayer of Moses in which he asks God to show him His glory. Whereupon Moses is given to understand that he cannot see God's face. "Man shall not see me and live." But Moses is told to station himself in the cleft of a rock and God will cover him with His hand until He has passed by. When He has passed by the hand shall be lifted and Moses shall see the afterglow.

That is a sort of parable of man's vision of God. What we see is reflected glory.

When Moses came down from the Mount, we are told that his face shone, reflecting something of the Divine radiance and the people were afraid to come near him.

And even now at the close of the service in Jewish synagogues, there is a curious reminiscence of this old story. For as the priest pronounces the benediction of Moses his face is veiled. This precaution is taken, so we have read, lest the repetition of the words of Moses, by one occupying his place, should bring up the glory that shone upon the face of the great lawgiver and so strike the people dead.

It is not without significance that the mod-

ern view of the universe, as interpreted by astronomy, can inspire, for different reasons, a kindred fear. The vision that astronomy reveals is not reassuring.

The sheer vastness reduces man to utter insignificance, sets him among the ephemerae.

Reassurance in the presence of such a universe is one of our deepest needs, no less than of those whose conceptions of God were full of terrifying fears—conceptions widely prevalent in primitive religion.

The needed reassurance is in Jesus. Paul summed it up in a phrase of real insight and of some daring when he spoke of "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Another New Testament writer says "we beheld His glory" and then adds "full of grace and truth." There we have moved away from the physical to the moral and spiritual.

It should perhaps at once be said that the glory could not be seen in Jesus, if it were not in some measure in every man, in mind and heart and conscience. Man is made in the divine image and as an Old Testament writer truly said, "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." In love, in mercy, in the spirit of forgiveness, it is the light of heaven that thus shines through human lives.

A deed like that of the Good Samaritan shines by its very nature. It is light and must shine. Man's true destiny is to reveal the glory, the radiant character of God.

In a uniquely resplendent way that glory is seen in Jesus. As a symbol of the uniqueness mediaeval artists painted a halo around the head of Jesus, even as a babe in the manger. That has its dangers and may be misleading. After all, the glory was in the face. It was not an added supernatural light, but the radiant beauty of the human character.

As our spiritual insight grows we want to wash out the haloes.

What a contrast is this Pauline idea of the glory of God, to that found in the old Sinai story or in the synagogue ritual of the covered face.

At last we have the divine in human terms, looking through human eyes, and speaking in human words.

If God is like Jesus, if that earthly life is an index of the divine character, then we may trust and not be afraid.

If we would know what God is like it becomes essential that we should see Jesus, look into His face, and into His eyes and

see all we can of the glory—the grace, the truth, the courage, the pity, the love, there revealed. We should for ourselves go in "quest of the face."

It is the divine light that shines in the face of Jesus, when he weeps over Jerusalem, or takes a little child on his knee, or looks upon a leper or a blind beggar, or on Peter after his denial, or when He prays: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

As we see something of the pity and love and yearning and hope and radiant joy, there, we believe we have caught a glimpse of reality, as philosophers would say, or in religious speech, a glimpse of the glory of God.

Fortunately we have no portrait of Christ so each of us may go in quest of the face, in which the glory of God found its loveliest and fullest human expression.

—*Boston Transcript.*

EVERYBODY LOSES WHEN TIMBER BURNS

Fire kills the little trees, damages the large trees, destroys the best forage plants, runs out game, and burns up valuable plant food that has collected in the soil.

Saplings of today will be trees of tomorrow.

Fire slows down the growth of trees and makes defects that scar the lumber.

One unburned acre covered with carpet grass and lespedeza has more good cattle feed than 10 to 30 acres of broom sedge or wire grass.

Game birds, animals, and fish thrive in regions of unburned forest growth.

Burning the woods-litter and old leaves robs the soil of nature's fertilizer, and favors floods and droughts by hastening soil washing and erosion. Land that is eroding is worse than idle. It ruins good land lower down stream.

Fire destroys the natural breeding place of birds and animals, often burns up nests, eggs, and even the young. Game experts say that fires often kill more game than hunters.

Fire destroys low plants and shrubs whose seeds or fruits are the food of many birds. Until fire is kept out of the places where they live and care for their young, birds and animals will be fewer and fewer.

Fire is a wonderful servant that can do untold damage when it goes wild. Ordinary care will control most fires.

—*American Forestry Association.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Italian Spaghetti With Meat

Chop 1 medium size onion finely. Fry in olive oil and butter until well done, 1 cup finely chopped meat (chicken, veal or pork, either cooked or raw may be used). Fry meat with onions about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. When cooked, add 3 teaspoons Italian tomato paste and stir well. Add 1 cup of water and let simmer at least 1 hour longer if possible.

If canned tomatoes are used instead of paste, boil 1 small can of tomatoes about 15 minutes before adding to meat and onions. If sauce becomes too thick, add a little water.

Boil 1 pound Italian spaghetti in salted water until tender. Drain, but do not rinse Italian spaghetti. Put on platter or dish, pour over tomato sauce and sprinkle with grated parmesan cheese.

Apricot Shortcake

Two cups apricots, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 3 tablespoons fat, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk. Mix dry ingredients and cut in fat with a knife. Using knife for mixing, add beaten egg and milk. Pour into greased loaf cake pan and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Slit cake, place layer of apricots, sweetened to taste, between and frost with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Date Cream

Two cups dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, whipped cream. Wipe dates with damp cloth and cut in pieces. (Remove stones, if not already pitted.) Combine with nut meats and lemon juice. Arrange in sherbet glasses and top with whipped cream. Serves four to six persons.

Pilgrim Potatoes

Pare and slice 4 medium-sized potatoes. Cook until fairly soft in small quantity of water. Beat 1 egg, stir in 3 tablespoons flour and 1 cup milk. Add to potatoes with 1 tablespoon butter, pepper and salt. If necessary add more milk to cover potatoes. Bake to a golden brown.

Squash Muffins

Try these squash muffins. They are light and nice. Mix a well-beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sifted squash, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 5 tablespoons

sugar, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, little salt. Sift dry ingredients together first, add to egg, squash and milk mixed together. Beat thoroughly and bake in greased muffin tins.

HANDY HINTS

Preserved figs stuffed with white cream cheese and arranged on pineapple slices placed on lettuce and topped with salad dressing make a very good salad.

Wool clothing, if worn in the kitchen, absorbs the odors of cooking.

When making a meringue have the egg whites very cold and beat them until stiff enough to stand alone. If baked in too hot an oven meringue will be tough and shrink when set away to cool.

It is easier to carry wood from the cellar to the fireplace if it is tied in a stout piece of canvas.

Mary had a little jam,
It seemed to grow and grow,
And everywhere that Mary drove,
The jam was sure to go.
It followed her out shopping,
And it trailed her to the play—
"I do not see," said Mary,
"How the traffic gets that way"

—*New York Sun.*

BULBS FOR WINDOW BOXES

A large number of bulbs such as tulips, hyacinths or daffodils grown together make a very effective picture in a living room window or in the window of the dining room. It is possible to use bulbs in this way by making a wooden box, which can be lifted from its place and taken into the cellar. The bulbs should be planted in the usual way and kept cool and dark for several weeks until good growth has been formed, when they may be taken to the window to flower. If it is desired to have a succession several boxes may be used, being taken into the heat at different times. It is advisable to use only one kind of bulb in each box. It is important also to use bulbs of the same size and to plant them at just the same depth in order to obtain reasonably uniform flowering.

—*Clipped*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you **have** sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Jane M. Blackburn, Chesterhill, Ohio, wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for two lovely packages. The outside wrappers were so badly torn she was unable to know whom to thank. She takes this way of saying how grateful she is.

2. I am an old *Cheerful Letter* member and I hope the dear friends will remember me again. Our crops have been cut short and we would be glad of cheer. Good stories and sewing material would be welcome. Mrs. Kate Powers, Lansing, N. C.

3. I am writing after many years of silence. My only boy has married and left home and my husband is not able to do much, owing to overwork last year. I haven't been very well since an appendix operation and would be glad of some books and cotton pieces. Mrs. Lula Wofford, Route 3, Athens, Texas.

4. I want to thank all my *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness to me. They have brought so much sunshine into my lonely life. I am a victim of that dreadful disease rheumatism and haven't walked or stood up since I was 3 years old. One gets so blue and lonely staying indoors all the time and any

kind of cheer is deeply appreciated. My former address was Dabney, Ark., but I have been here two months and expect this to be my permanent home. I would enjoy reading and embroidery material to help pass the long winter days, and letters from both old and new friends. Mattie Beverage, R. 3, B. 167, Parkdale, Ark.

5. Mrs. Nerva Brown, R. 2, Big Spring, Tex., is the mother of two children, a girl 6 and a boy, 15 months. She is in very poor health and would like to be remembered this lonesome winter with reading or letters.

6. I appreciate very much what the *Cheerful Letter* friends have done for us in the past and send my good wishes for the New Year. I would be grateful for cheer of any kind. Mabel Hart, Greencove, Va.

7. Mrs. C. F. Lowe, 617 W. 7th St., Rector, Ark., is crazy about reading. Is very lonely and an invalid. She cannot hold her arm steady enough to use a pen. This is her first request to be printed.

8. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, I am calling on you again. You have all been such a help to me and I appreciate it very much. My health is not good and I do enjoy reading good fiction. Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Peter B. Kyne, Jackson Gregory, Wil-

liam MacLeod Raine and Harold Bell Wright; especially Zane Grey's "Nevada." My wife would like some quilt scraps. Turner Pettyjohn, R. F. D. 5, Alpharetta, Ga.

9. Mrs. Mac Lowder, Route 2, Box 3, New London, N. C., says it has been a long time since she has written the *Cheerful Letter*. She has moved out in the country and hardly ever sees anyone and the winter days are so long. Good reading will be appreciated and some novels for a twenty year old boy.

10. I have not had a book from the *Cheerful Letter* for two years and I am getting hungry for another good book. I haven't walked in eight years and would like reading in the winter when I am shut in. Please send me some cheer and I will be more than grateful. Mrs. Nora R. Colley, Clarkton, Va.

11. Mrs. Joe Hood, Star Route, Brainerd, Minn., would be glad to have pieces of gingham and percale for quilts. She has three daughters, the oldest 12, and the youngest, twins, 8.

12. I have been a member of the *Cheerful Letter* Club for about ten years and I haven't received any books for quite a while. I would be glad of a large print Bible, also "Ben Hur," "Enchanted Barn," or any books you care to send. We live in the country twelve miles to nearest R. R. station and the homes are very thinly settled. I have a boy 2 years old. Mrs. Myra Chambliss, Triplet, Va.

13. Mrs. E. C. Farmer, Rugby, Va., takes this way of thanking the good people who remembered her at Christmas time. May God's richest blessings rest upon them. Mrs. Farmer has four children and lives back in the mountains where it is hard to get anything or see anyone.

14. I am a farmer's wife and live in a very lonesome neighborhood. I am writing for some reading and quilt pieces and would like something for the two little boys at home. I have six children in school. Thanking all friends for past favors, I am, Mrs. Bessie Barnes, Copeland, Ark.

15. Mrs. Albert Wann, Forrester, Tex., has received reading at intervals for several years but none now for months. Her husband and she both enjoy good magazines. "Country Gentleman," "Geographic," "Cosmopolitan," and "Needlecraft." My two girls, 9 and 5, would like "Junior Home," and picture books with stories. She will thank anyone promptly who will send literature of any sort.

16. I wish to thank the kind friends who

have sent me cheer in the past and hope to hear from some of them again. I have a girl 18 and two boys, 8 and 11. Would be glad of books, magazines and sewing material. Mrs. Mamie Shelton, R. 1, B. 111, Lawsonville, N. C.

17. Thanks to all those who have remembered me. Work has been shut down here since last September and my husband hasn't found work since. We have a little girl 2 years old. It would be nice if someone would send me quilt pieces, embroidery with thread, and something to read. Mrs. Dewey C. Duncan, Big Sandy, W. Va.

18. Miss Addie Eanes has recently married and now is Mrs. H. B. Craig, Bassett, Va. She would like to hear from her old friends again and hopes someone will please send embroidery and thread. She loves to do fancy work. Her husband is interested in the True Story magazine.

19. Dear *Cheerful Letter* Sisters, I haven't been well this winter and it does get so lonesome when you are sick. Some sewing material would help pass the hours. Mrs. Sulie Baldwin, R. 3, Cleveland, Tenn.

20. Mrs. Emma Mitchell, R. 1, B. 36, Clifton, N. C., is a poor mother with six children and not in very good health. She would like some sewing material and reading matter. Her children's ages are 7 months, to 17. Two smallest, girls, and the rest boys. They live on rented land and are far from town or school and members of the Baptist Church.

21. This is to thank all the friends for their remembrances. I get so lonesome while the children are at school and my husband is at work. Baby and I are alone so much. I seldom get to church or any place. I have six children, ages 3, 7, 10, 14, 18, 20. The children like to read and I like to sew. I enjoy a flower garden, too, and I hope the friends send some flower seeds and something to cheer the family. Mrs. J. C. Henderson, Scotland, Ark.

22. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va., wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* folks for their many kindnesses. She has a new baby girl, 3 months, and is confined indoors a great deal. She likes to sew and material of this kind will be appreciated.

23. I have been shut in since the seventh of November and have to stay alone as my son goes to school. I would be glad of some cheer to help pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Vick Dillon, R. D. 1, Lawsonville, N. C.

24. Mrs. S. B. Hamner, R. 2, B. 218,

Lynchburg, Va., has moved from Pedlar Mills, Va., and hopes the *Cheerful Letter* friends will not forget her. Some sewing and magazines would be good.

25. Many thanks for past favors and I hope to be remembered this year as I have two motherless children to care for and I have to stay in. We are in the heart of the awful drought of last summer and anything to cheer us up a bit would be welcomed. Mrs. Henry Nelson, R. 1, B. 54, Critz, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Mary G. Hall, from Sandy Ridge, to Erect, N. C.

Mrs. M. B. Gregory, from Tenn. Colony, to Palestine, Texas, R. 1.

Mrs. Ornie Tyson Davis, formerly of Ansonville, is now in Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

Mrs. S. B. Hammer, from Pedlar Mills, to Lynchburg, Va., R. 2, Box 218.

Mrs. Dovie Lee Walker, from Chillicothe, to Bowie, Texas, Box 304.

MARRIAGES

Miss Bessie Hill is now Mrs. Lee Parker, R. D. 2, Marshville, N. C.

Miss Addie Eanes, of Bassett, Va., R. 2, is now Mrs. H. B. Craig, of the same address.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. William H. Hammett, chairman of the *Cheerful Letter* Committee, Newport, R. I. Mrs. Hammett was the grand-daughter of William Ellery Channing.

A MOTHER TO HER LITTLE SON

Each night I bear your childish soul to God
In prayer. Your soul I cannot touch or see,
And yet it holds for me reality
Greater than this the garden's living sod
On which I stand. These flower seeds within
their pod,
Ripened and full, are not more real to me,
Nor mine to sow and tend more carefully,
Than your remotest self to guide on ways untrod.
—Anne Zuker.

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

EARLY SIGNS OF TUBERCULOSIS

ELEANOR MELLEN, M.D.

Consumption was once the scourge of New England. All those whose memories cover the conditions of 30 years ago need no one

to tell them of the tremendous improvement in this regard. Entire families are not wiped out by this disease nowadays, nor do we take it for granted that because an ancestor died of consumption the family shall have successive victims through succeeding generations. Although medical science has revealed that the germ that causes consumption can attack various parts of the body, even the bones, in diseases that are now all classified under the general term "tuberculosis," yet all forms of tubercular diseases are less, by ratio to the population, than they were in the former days.

Why, then, concern ourselves with this subject? Because recently the figures show a tendency to increase as regards cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, the new name for the old disease which was known as consumption. I much prefer to call it consumption still, if for no other reason than because nobody has any doubt what it means. We know that it means death unless its progress is checked by proper treatment. I wish that all of us were equally sure that the proper treatment would check it, cure it, so far as the practical purposes of living are concerned.

Yet this arrest, as it is medically called, cure so far as the individual is affected, is certain in all cases where the disease has not progressed too far before treatment is begun. Not infrequently letters come to my desk with the frank question, "Will you tell me if you ever have known personally of anybody being cured of—" Not always is the disease that is named in the letter consumption. It may be cancer or diabetes or any of the diseases which have always been considered as surely fatal but which are now subject to arrest or cure. Within five minutes' walk of where I am writing lives a woman who had a positive case of consumption some 20 years ago. She has since married, had four children (formerly considered fatal to a consumptive woman), and is today one of the youngest, prettiest, and most radiantly healthy, in general appearance of any matron of my acquaintance. Another case of equal recovery is that of a man who was once gaunt, a plainly sick man to anyone who saw him. He was faithful in following the prescribed treatment and at the time of the World War was so free from all evidences of consumption that he was admitted to Plattsburg Training Camp. He served through the war with distinction, is now married, father of a family, prosperous, over six feet tall and

weighing in the two hundreds.

These are the early signs of consumption, although not all are seen in any one case: Colds that do not submit to treatment but hang on from week to week and coughs that last without improvement for over three weeks; undue fatigue that is not proportionate to the work done and that has not been customary in the past; loss of weight, either rapid or gradual; slight temperature (fever), in the afternoon; digestive disorders that do not yield to ordinary measures; loss of appetite, night sweats. Every one of these conditions may be caused by something other than consumption but the occurrence of any one of them should be investigated unless the cause is definitely known (for example, loss of weight through diet), and the presence of any two or more should arouse suspicions of the beginnings of consumption.

—*The New England Homestead.*

GOOD POINTS

Oh, March is full of promise,
Though wild the wind may blow,
And whistle down the chimney
Or drive the whirling snow.

For March recalls the robin
To pipe its tunes of cheer
And tell the winter-weary,
"The Spring is nearly here!"

And March, with all its blizzards,
With all its bluff and din,
Awakes the cheery crocus
And ushers April in.

—*Daisy D. Stephenson.*

SEWING SUGGESTIONS

There are little short cuts that may be used when sewing, or remodelling now and then. These little helps save both time and labor, as well as to make a success of what is undertaken. For example, if one is working on heavy goods that slips and slides and stays together hardly long enough for one to cut it or baste it, one can use clothespins to good advantage. The snip-clothes pins will hold several thicknesses or two, together, so that one can baste a long seam or fold back yardage while cutting from a pattern. And once a few snip-clothes pins find their way into the sewing room, there will be found numbers of uses for them to help the home dressmaker.

Hems can be turned up on a dress form, sleeves can be "tried" in an arm-size with clothes pins to hold them temporarily on a dress form. And pieces that have been sewed like extra collars, sashes, belts and cuffs, can be fastened together for safe keeping until ready to be sewed on a garment. The beautiful of this method is that no pin pricks will mar fine goods nor pins slip out, and the clothes pins are quickly removed as needed.

When basting a long seam or taking long stitches to mark where a seam is to be taken in, it is often difficult to sew in a straight line, yet one does not always want to chalk a line or mark with pencil or crayon. To solve this little problem, one can use the thread from one's needle as a marker. Taking a long needleful of thread, one can place it ahead of the needle, from the last stitch taken, and then baste along this line, pulling up the stitches, using a length again as a marker to follow, holding the thread taut to make a straight line and one that conforms to the desired angle for the seam line.

Safety pins are another help when sewing or remodelling. They are very handy to use, to mark where a button or snap-fastener should go, taking "the bite" of the pin at just the point where the fastener is to be sewn, then pinned into the clasp, the safety pin stays where it is put until one is ready to take the stitches to fasten the button or snap into place.

After remodelling a dress one often wishes to freshen it up, with a good airing on the line. But in a strong wind, garments have a way of flopping off the line, if hung on a regulation clothes hanger, slipping off when a gust catches the dress. To prevent this annoyance, a safety pin again comes to the rescue. It can be caught around the neck of the hanger, that is from the wire support or hook by which it is hung, and also be attached to the neck of the dress. Caught into the back of the neck or into an inner seam, it will do no harm to the dress but act as an anchor in keeping the dress from slipping off the hanger.

When sewing on silk garments, those seams that do not show will be more secure with mercerized thread than with silk. The thread seems to hold better on seams and, in fact, is much more satisfactory on hems than silk, whenever possible to use it, preventing a hem from unripping and hanging down here and there. And this is a tip

from a garment manufacturer who turns out many silk dresses in a day, and has found that thread means a secure seam on silk!

—*Theodora Brownfield in New England Homestead.*

WOMEN AND CIGARETTES

Not until the courtiers of Paris decreed that a slender figure should be the ideal of women of fashion did the effects of cigarette-smoking, which hitherto had been restricted mainly to men, become widely deleterious. When this decree of the boyish form reached the United States, thousands of women immediately set out to reduce their weight to the required degree. Many of them believed that they could do this only by smoking cigarettes, which would lessen their appetite and allay their hunger pangs so that they could support the intervals between meals, and at meals eat only a trifle. This malnourishment, made possible by cigarette smoking, though it made women slender, also made them run-down, and caused great numbers of them to be easy prey for tuberculosis. In New York, where the male population had always had a higher tuberculosis mortality, the last reports (1928) show that the proportion is now 239 girls to 154 boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and that between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, 337 women and only 294 men die of tuberculosis.

This interesting fact is brought out in an article by Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf in *The Medical Journal and Record*, who quotes Dr. J. Burns Amberson to show that the relation of cigarette-smoking to the increase of tuberculosis is not only indirect but direct: "I think smoking has a definite physiological effect and have found in many cases that the use of tobacco to excess in this way greatly impairs the appetite and apparently interferes with digestion. In a good many of these cases, I have found that such patients, on stopping the habit abruptly, have greatly improved appetite and digestion and gained weight rapidly. . . . Furthermore, I believe that excessive cigarette smoking causes a chronic congestion or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract."

The most recent investigations of the effects of cigarette smoking prove that a certain impairment of mental processes is an ordinary result. Professor Holt of

Tennessee University, in a study of 231 freshmen, of whom 79 were smokers and 152 non-smokers, reports as follows: "The non-smokers' average grade of 72.6 exceeded that of the smokers by 4.1. Much more important in this connection was the fact that no less than 30 per cent of the smoking freshmen failed in scholarship for the first term, or were conditioned, while only 1.3 per cent of the non-smokers failed or were conditioned." Dr. M. V. O'Shea has concluded from his investigations that "taking a large number of individuals, tobacco will slow down and disturb the mental processes of the majority of them."

It is now apparent from data recently compiled that the increase of smoking among women, as anticipated by many medical men, has resulted in a higher infant mortality and lower vitality of children. To prevent a child from becoming constitutionally enfeebled by nicotine poisoning and thus becoming more susceptible to tuberculosis or pneumonia, Dr. Knopf advises all future mothers not to smoke. "While the comparatively little nicotine," says Dr. Knopf, "contained in some brands of cigarettes may not greatly harm the adult moderate smoker, nicotine and the numerous other poisonous by-products resulting from the smoking of cigarettes are injurious to the child developing in the womb of the mother and make it less resistant to tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. These poisons reach the child while still in the womb, through the fetal circulation. To smoke in the presence of a little baby so that the fumes can reach its lungs is equally injurious."

This statement is reinforced by Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service:

"The cigarette habit indulged in to excess by women tends to cause nervousness and insomnia. If American women generally contract the habit, as reports now indicate they are doing, the entire nation will suffer. The physical tone of the whole nation will be lowered. The number of American women who are smoking cigarettes today is amazing. The habit harms a woman more than it does a man. The woman's nervous system is more highly organized than the man's. The reaction is, therefore, more intense. It may ruin her complexion, causing it to become gradually ashen. Propagandizing that tobacco be used as a substitute for food is not in the interest of public

health, and if practiced widely by young persons will be positively harmful."

Women who acquired the smoking habit in their endeavor to look like boys, should find it a matter of satisfaction that the new fashions demand a more naturally developed figure. In order to be "chic," women may now be obliged to quit smoking. As the data concerning smoking are added to year by year and the definitely bad effects become more a matter of common knowledge, it is unlikely that public opinion sound economic system that does not have will accept any fashion that seems to require for its observance the acquiring of a subtly pernicious habit.

—*The Christian Register.*

NIGHT

When night comes down, and shadows
longer grow,
I have not done brave things, or great, I
know;
I fed the sparrows, hungry at my door,
I made a bed and swept a kitchen floor,
Then heard the lessons of a little child
And shook a rattle 'til baby smiled.
Kept well my home, with loving skill
and art,
Shared every care and cheered a hus-
band's heart.
So why should I be envious of renown
When shadows deepen and the night comes
down.

—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

VALLEYS OF VISION

We must learn to look down, as well as up—down into suffering and bewildered hearts of men, as well as up into silent and remote clouds above the world. At close range we must learn to watch what sorrow, peril, and defeat can give to human hearts; and when our own feet shall tread the wine press of the valley, we must learn to apprehend the work of God among the souls He shapes, and breaks, if haply He may teach. Vision is of the valleys, not the mountain-tops; that royal gift shall come to sanctify our sorrows, not our dreams.

The swirling streams of pain, the bewildering fogs, the stifling smoke from ashes of lost hope and dead desires, the lonely stumbling in the gathering gloom—each valley of vision has a wine press all its

own. Yet in our hearts we carry the command "Keep going forward!"

It shall be borne in hard against our souls that valleys of vision and of sorrow are the same! Sorrow, too, is of the valleys, not the mountain-tops. None understands what he has never known, nor feels what he has never suffered. Pressure is the keynote of our growth, and the Great Teacher presses hard. The valleys of sorrow break the heart, but it must break if it would find the Lord. Fear has no message for the human heart, save never to fear again! The valleys of sorrow and of vision are the same. Let us keep going forward!

That stretch of easy grade, kissed by the breeze and gay with laughing flowers—envy not the idle hearts that wander there, picking blossoms which wither in their grasp, dreaming their days are happy! They are content, and so they fill their thoughts with notions of their own success. Contentment and success are not the same! And flowery beds of ease are nothing more than beds!

No fogs bewilder them, nor smoke from ashes of lost hope and dead desires blind their eyes, for in absorbed self-satisfaction they refuse to open them. No valleys of vision lie before their feet as, wandering from the sorrow in the world, they refuse to tread the wine press of the valleys and will not learn to apprehend how, in the hands of God, peril, defeat, and sorrow shape the souls of men. In the desert of perpetual sleep, they lay them down content, to dream away their birthright and their privilege. They are the ones who really fail. Better a pilgrim than a wanderer!

He whose reluctant feet avoid the wine press of the Valley, whose hope is never rapt enough to miss fulfillment, and who has never, as his own high priest, burned any offering of his own desires—he slowly dies to the deep reality of things unseen. In the deep reality of things unseen, we touch the hand of God.

The valley of vision makes a worthier grave than does the desert of perpetual sleep. Let us keep going forward!

—*Elizabeth Lowell Everett in
The Christian Register.*

A Tearful Tale

"What a sad-looking store."

"Why, because it has panes in the windows?"

"No, the books are in tiers."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

MISS KELLER CELEBRATES A SIGHT-GIVER

If we should look for the greatest benefactor of the sightless—the individual who has given them a perpetual source of delight and profit—the choice would certainly fall upon Louis Braille.

A century ago this humble Frenchman opened a new way to knowledge and mental delight for the sightless. Today, on the anniversary of his discovery, we who are without sight celebrate gratefully the achievement of one who poured the sweetness of tangible printed words into the bitter waters of our affliction.

It had been obvious for many years that if the blind were to be educated, a method must be devised by which they could read and study like the seeing. Louis Braille invented the embossed system which made this possible. The magic wand with which he wrought this miracle was a group of six dots in which the vertical line consists of three dots and the horizontal of two. Sixty-three combinations of these six dots may be used.

Braille's invention was as marvelous as any fairy tale. Only six dots! Yet when he touched a blank sheet of paper it became alive with words that sparkled in the darkness of the blind! Only six dots! Yet with them he captured words that bring to us the rainbow and the splendor of sunset skies, words that, like swift ships, bear us far away from the monotony of blindness, the trivial incidents of time and place and the pain of thwarted effort.

Louis Braille was born in April, 1809, near Paris, the son of a harness-maker. One day, when he was three, he was playing in his father's workshop, and took it into his head to imitate his father, whom he saw at work. The sharp awl with which the lad was working slipped, flew upward and entered one of his eyes, destroying its sight. Sympathetic inflammation in the other eye followed and he soon became totally blind.

After the education of the blind began in 1784, the first method of printing books for them was with a system of characters resembling the Latin alphabet—the Roman line letter type. Valentine Haüy, the first educator of the blind, discovered this method accidentally, while watching the process of the ordinary press. He observed that sheets fresh from the press and printed only on one side showed the letters in rather sharp relief. He at once set about enlarging the characters. His discovery was hailed as a path to

deliverance for the blind; but the rejoicing gave way to disappointment when it was discovered that from one-third to one-half of the blind in the schools could not decipher Haüy's line letter. The chief defect of his method was that he used curved forms, which the blind reader finds extremely difficult. He did not know that the more elaborate a raised letter is, the less easy it is for the blind to recognize, or that the finger detects sharp angles much more quickly than curves, or that points like the period are perceived very clearly.

Countless modifications of Haüy's line letter were attempted, but none of them were successful.

Braille gained recognition slowly. In America, it encountered three rivals. The first was the Roman line which Dr. Howe, director of the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, had improved for his young sightless pupils. The second rival of Braille was New York point, which made its appearance some time before 1868. The third was another modification called American Braille.

This battle in types which continued to rage in the schools for 50 years began to approach a settlement when in 1917 the American Association of Workers for the Blind adopted European Braille as the standard for the sightless of America. The final victory for uniformity was won in 1921. Thus at last the blind of both hemispheres were united in one method of embossed writing.

Yet, reader of printer's ink, consider the vast disparity between your resources and those of the blind. The New York Public Library has more than 2,000,000 titles for those who see, and only 1250 in standard Braille! Many of the Braille volumes of the library are transcribed by individuals and are available only in single copies! A most touching story of human kindness is the zeal with which hundreds of people master Braille and give up their hours of leisure to transcribe books for the sightless.

The blind who once sat brooding through sad, interminable days of 'emptiness' now look with rapt gaze upon the universe as they read with their eyes in their fingers. . . . Yes, the blind can now work, they can study, they can sing, they can add their share to the good and happiness in the world. And it was Louis Braille, a captive bearing a yoke as cruel as their own, who found the golden key to unlock their prison door.

—*New York Times Magazine.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE STORY OF THE STUBBORN BEE

Mrs. Honey Bee lived very happily with her family in the hollow of a large Elm Tree. Her time was nearly all taken up, for, as you know, Bees have their duties, as well as little boys and girls. One of Mrs. Bee's duties was to gather pollen from the different flowers and bring it home to the Bee Babies. Although Mrs. Honey Bee was very good in some ways, I am sorry to say she was inclined to be stubborn. If she once made up her mind to do a thing, she would do it, no matter what happened. Some little folks I know are very like her in this respect. One bright, sunshiny morning, Mr. and Mrs. Honey Bee were having an argument over their breakfast. Mrs. Honey Bee knew a Crimson Rose that lived on the other side of the field at the end of a long road.

"The Crimson Rose has exactly the kind of pollen I need for baking my Bee bread," said Mrs. Bee to her husband. "I think I will take my basket over there in a little while and collect some."

"I wouldn't fly in that direction if I were you, my dear," said Mr. Honey Bee. "There is a Kingbird living in the apple tree at the end of the road."

Although Mr. and Mrs. Honey Bee were talking to each other, they did not talk as little girls and boys do. The Bees exchange thoughts by means of their antennæ or feelers. Mr. Bee's opinion was held in some importance in the Bee community. He was a member of the Bees' Rotary Club and was greatly respected by the other Bees. Mrs. Honey Bee generally paid some attention to his advice. This morning, however, she decided she was going to visit the Crimson Rose, in spite of what anybody said. So she merely replied, "Nonsense!" and flew away over the meadow. When she had gone a short distance, she met a Sunflower drooping her golden head by the roadside.

"Won't you stop and gather my pollen, Mrs. Honey Bee?" she asked politely.

"No, thank you," replied Mrs. Honey Bee. "I am on my way to visit the Crimson Rose who lives at the other side of the field at the end of the long road."

"I would not fly that way if I were you," said the Sunflower. "I hear there is a Kingbird living in the apple tree at the end of the road."

"One may hear anything," remarked Mrs.

Honey Bee, hurrying on, and leaving the Sunflower to think she was not very polite. She flew past the apple tree very quickly indeed and enjoyed a pleasant visit with the Crimson Rose. She filled her basket with pollen and also carried some away on her legs, which are provided with hairs for that purpose. As she started on her homeward journey, she thought:

"I'm so glad I paid no attention to what Mr. Honey Bee told me. I have just the kind of pollen I need and haven't even caught a glimpse of the Kingbird."

Just at that moment she reached the apple tree in which the Kingbird, sometimes called the Bee Martin, lived. She had built her nest on the end of a branch. It was composed of weed stalks, grasses, and rootlets, and was well lined with moss-plant down. In the nest she had laid five handsome, creamy white eggs spotted with umber brown. It was long past the Kingbird's breakfast time and she was feeling very hungry. She flew down from the nest and caught sight of Mrs. Honey Bee.

"Oh, what a nice, fat Honey Bee!" she cried. "What a delicious breakfast I shall have!"

Mrs. Honey Bee heard this remark and very nearly died of fright. How she wished now she had paid attention to her husband's advice!

"If ever I get home alive, I shall never be stubborn again," she gasped. She flew faster and faster, with the Kingbird in close pursuit. She felt her strength leaving her and was about to sink down, exhausted, when the Kingbird's attention was luckily attracted to a grasshopper by the roadside. She paused to make a snatch at it, and Mrs. Honey Bee made a dart forward and fell into the nest. Mr. Honey Bee was at home and could not resist saying:

"I told you so! You had a narrow squeak of it. Now perhaps you will mind what I tell you!"

When Mrs. Bee recovered, she admitted it was her fault she had so nearly become the breakfast of the Kingbird. Later, when making up the pollen she had collected into Bee bread for the Bee Babies, she resolved to profit by the lesson and never again refuse to listen to well-meant advice.

—CLARE MACDERMOTT in
The Christian Register.

BECAUSE OF THY GREAT BOUNTY

Because I have been given much,
 I, too, shall give;
 Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
 Each day I live
 I shall divide my gifts from Thee
 With every brother that I see
 Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,
 By Thy good care,
 I can not see another's lack
 And I not share
 My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
 My roof's safe shelter overhead,
 That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so
 Upon me, Lord,
 A wealth I know that was not meant
 For me to hoard,
 I shall give love to those in need,
 The cold and hungry clothe and feed,
 Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.

—Grace Noll Crowell in
Good Housekeeping.

HOOVERISMS

It is not the delinquent child that is at the bar of judgment, but society itself.

Industry must not rob our children of their rightful heritage.

Any labor which stunts growth, either physical or mental, that limits education that deprives children of the right of comradeship, of joy and play, is sapping the next generation.

Let no one believe that these are no questions which should not stir a nation that they are below the dignity of statesmen or governments.

One good community nurse will save a dozen future policemen.

Architectural wizardry and artistic skill are transforming our cities into wonderlands of beauty, but we must also preserve in them for our children the yet more beautiful art of living.

Cheerless homes produce morbid minds.

Human progress marches only when children excel their parents.

The most benumbing thing to the intellect is routine.
 —Walter Bagehot.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer of Sunshine Funds, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present on such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. Letters asking for correspondents should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 2 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory reference given.